

# PREFERMENT:

A

S A T I R E.

B Y

J O H N R O B I N S O N.

---

-----*Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique  
Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere Chartæ.*

JUV.


---

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. NICOLL, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

MDCCLXV.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]



PREFACE:

SATIRE

B. Y.

JOHN ROBINSON.

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Nobis occurrat, peritum perire Chant.

Jov.

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LONDON:

Printed for W. Nicol, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

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# PREFERMENT.

**W**HEN big-swoln Pride with haughty step walks forth;  
When ev'ry Coxcomb scoffs at modest Worth,  
And of his Wealth or empty Titles proud,  
Asks Adoration from the suppliant Croud,  
Satire should ply the Lash, nor pitying spare:  
Justice bids strike---and who shall bid forbear?

The Sat'rist thus, with love of Right inspir'd,  
'Gainst Pride with honest Indignation fir'd,

B

Preludes



2 P R E F E R M E N T.

Preludes the stroke, then whirls the Lash around,  
And ev'ry faucy Knave receives a Wound.

Heedless of this, nor scrupulously nice  
In fixing bounds to Virtue and to Vice,  
Whoe'er the stately Scenes which Wealth can raise,  
And Fame's fair Shew with longing Eye surveys,  
Attend the precepts of the Muse, and learn  
This envied Wealth and Dignity to earn.

There are who, seconded by partial Fate,  
Attain to Grandeur at an easy rate.  
With brazen look, and Falshood on his Tongue,  
For Gain the Lawyer proves that Right is Wrong,  
And, not less strange, if Int'rest so invite,  
By dint of Impudence proves Wrong is Right.  
The Doctor gravely hems and chafes his brow,  
Prescribes, then takes his Fee, and makes his bow;  
Prescribes---yet cannot from this Maxim swerve,  
Who cures the Patient, will the Doctor starve.

The





The Justice sits in awful State among  
 Whores, Rogues, and Bawds, a tributary throng,  
 From Brothels nightly rak'd for shew, and then  
 (All dues discharg'd) committed---back agen.  
 And Cits, whom all the World must own discreet,  
 Thrive by fair Profit---when they cannot cheat.  
 Let such with self-sufficient sneer refuse,  
 Want's meagre sons shall profit by the Muse.

Strive not to rise by poring o'er the Page  
 Which Sense has handed down from Age to Age,  
 By treading firm in Virtue's thorny way,  
 If thy warm Wishes cannot brook delay;  
 Leave Ferguson to trace a Comet's Course,  
 To teach the Sum of Gravitative Force,  
 In what Elliptic Orbs the Planets roll,  
 Where spreads th' Equator, and how moves the Pole;  
 Hast Thou but skill in some new-fangled way,  
 A threadbare round of boyish Tricks to play,

To

4 P R E F E R M E N T.

To bid a Fruit-Tree on a Table grow,  
 And murder'd Cocks start up alive, and crow,  
 To bid obedient Balls fly off in Fume,  
 And well-bred Cards dance Minuets round a Room;  
 Or if in steady poize Thou dar'st aspire  
 To shine a light-heel'd Hero on the Wire;  
 Or canst Thou chatter an unmeaning Tale,  
 Mouth a Mock Sermon 'till thy Lungs shall fail,  
 Distort each Feature of thy vacant Face,  
 With idlest Mimicry thyself debase,  
 Thou'lt gladly draw thy Thousands ev'ry day,  
 Wits, Women, Beaux and Blockheads, Grave and Gay,  
 And (whilst fair Merit starves, unknown to Fame)  
 F--te only stands to thine a Rival Name.

Canst Thou not these; whene'er 'gainst hateful Fraud,  
 With open look Truth vent'rous comes abroad,  
 One hour in silence look not coolly on,  
 But strait let Falshood's Cause and thine be one;

Call

Call forth thy fair Opponent to subdue,  
 Of pois'nous Slanders an infernal Crew,  
 Defile her snowy Robe with foulest stains,  
 Long to the Cause stand fast, nor grudge thy Pains,  
 In new deceits, new knav'ries seek resource,  
 Nor poorly sicken at their want of Force,  
 What tho' unable to mislead our Sense,  
 By quirks of Wit or strokes of Eloquence,  
 Tho' Black Thou hast not power to picture White,  
 Nor blazon fair by Day the deeds of Night,  
 Defend vile Falshood's Cause in endless broils,  
 And fraudulent Villains shall reward thy Toils.

Perhaps some Letcher, tott'ring o'er the Grave,  
 One to Debauch'ry thro' his Life a Slave,  
 And still the same, tho' verging to his End,  
 Vouchsafes to rank Thee as his humble Friend:  
 For Him the smutty hint, the Jest obscene,  
 The Tale of Sins whilst Appetite was keen,



6 P R E F E R M E N T.

Retain in store, with him shall these prevail,  
 Untir'd he'll listen to a luscious Tale,  
 And canst Thou servilely a Message bear,  
 An am'rous Message to a Female Ear,  
 He'll bounteous pay thy Pains; nay more, when Death  
 Shall snatch Him murm'ring with his latest breath,  
 He'll leave his Prostitute to be thy Wife,  
 And add a Dowry that may bless thy Life.

Or is his Heart with Av'rice canker'd o'er,  
 Does He with Iron Hand oppress the Poor,  
 Then eager strive to swell his golden Heap,  
 Nor Rules of Probity nor Justice keep,  
 The well-earn'd Pittance rend from trembling Age,  
 Deaf to its Prayers, and scornful of its Rage,  
 Delude the helpless Orphan of its due,  
 Tho' Youth and Innocence for Pity sue,  
 Extol his Prudence who for ev'ry loan,  
 A tenfold Int'rest knows to make his own;

With

With wary Eye watch o'er this ill-got Pelf,  
 Nor ask the smallest portion for thyself;  
 So, 'spite of Those by Nature's ties his friends,  
 Arraign'd as Flatt'ers for their private Ends,  
 So when beneath Fate's stroke the Wretch shall fall,  
 To Thee he'll give it---gives he it at all.

Gnatho disdain'd for meerly daily Bread,  
 The rugged path of Industry to tread,  
 Tho' niggard Fortune ey'd him with a frown,  
 And bred him humbly, idle and unknown,  
 But blest with Pride, and conscious that the Wise  
 Superior to the frowns of Fortune rise,  
 Conscious that Prudence Fortune's threats o'er-rules,  
 Fortune the Dread alone of timid Fools,  
 Bold stepp'd he forth, and with incessant pains,  
 Attun'd his Reed to Panegyric strains;  
 Harpax (a greedy Wretch) with lib'ral hand,  
 Diffus'd his Bounties quickly thro' the Land,

Dull

Dull, booby Lords, from Paris or from Rome  
 Return'd, contemptuous of their Native Home,  
 Shone the support of Taste, whilst Just and Brave,  
 If Wealthy, rose the Coward and the Knave,  
 But vainly glow'd Ambition in his Breast,  
 Vain was the Flatt'ry by his Muse possess'd,  
 'Till gay Narcissus (who by Nature's Plan  
 Was doubtless destin'd to become a Man,  
 But taught and fashion'd by a Mother's care,  
 Forbid the Toils of Manly Sports to bear,  
 Forbid to study---"Let the Wretch who's poor,  
 "For Profit turn his musty Volumes o'er,"---  
 A Connoisseur in Dress and Fashions deem'd,  
 A Fop nor Man nor Monkey quite he seem'd)  
 'Till he a lucrative Employ bestow'd,  
 To pay the Verse which for his Honour flow'd.  
 Now Gnatho loudly spoke Narcissus' Fame,  
 With Him had each Pursuit, each Care the same;  
 Inebriate joy'd Narcissus o'er the Bowl,  
 Could He no sensual Appetite controul,

Gam'd



Gam'd He unwearied 'till the Morning light,  
 Mock'd He profanely each Religious Rite;  
 Obsequious Gnatho join'd the Rev'ling Band,  
 And walk'd with foul Debauch'ry hand in hand,  
 In Gambling Arts was studious to prevail,  
 And scorn'd Religion as an Old Wife's Tale;  
 Nay would Narcissus be a Poet known,  
 Ev'n Gnatho's Verses were no more his Own;  
 Narcissus own'd them, and we falsely hence  
 Believ'd him portion'd with a little Sense.

At length by Bribes and sordid Us'ry grown  
 Too Rich his Patron's Government to own,  
 Unreal Pleasures hating more to feign,  
 Gnatho, with lordly air, shook off his Chain.

Nor let starv'd Honesty, with lifted Eyes,  
 Ban the mean Wretch who thus could dare to rise;  
 Has He not wisely scorn'd his abject State,  
 Tho' at th' expence of Virtue, to be Great?

10 P R E F E R R E M E N T.

Avails it nought incessant to be shown,  
 When drawn in lazy State about the Town,  
 By Blockheads who with admiration stare,  
 And envious Rogues who would such Fortune share?  
 Nought in the highest Pew at Church to snore,  
 To taste each Blessing Wealth retains in store,  
 That Gnatho should not eagerly withdraw  
 From Honesty's hard fare, and Bed of Straw?

If Adulation is a Task severe;  
 Think that Ambition's ever link'd with Care,  
 And Toils obstructive bravely he defies,  
 'Mongst Fortune's Vot'ries who designs to rise.  
 The haughty Vagrants who, when no more please  
 Ragouts, Soupe-maigre, Frogs and Fricassees,  
 From Gallia's slavish Region hither come,  
 To seek a happier than their native Home,  
 Ignobly stoop (Decorum set aside)  
 With ev'ry winning Art to flatter Pride,

Expert

Expert in Wiles, they seemingly controul,  
 If injur'd, each emotion of the Soul,  
 Pliant they yield, and with consummate skill  
 Are molded ever to their Neighbour's Will;  
 " For Them, they ask that Heav'n will deign to give  
 " Bare Sustenance, and peacefully to live;  
 " No gainful View them from their Country draws,  
 " Self-Exiles solely for Religion's Cause."  
 But soon as are these Hypocrites believ'd,  
 Soon as, like Brethren, to our Arms receiv'd,  
 They heap up Riches, and to Honours rise,  
 (The Mask thrown off) our Honesty despise,  
 Croud into Office, and with rigid Sway,  
 Bid ev'n Britannia's freeborn Sons obey,  
 And tho' from Slav'ry and from Want preserv'd,  
 Tho' blest'd with Honours which they ne'er deserv'd,  
 They basely laugh at us for what we've given,  
 And damn the Country they might term their Heav'n.

The



The Sire to whom the Modern World's unknown,  
Who his lov'd Youngster destines for the Gown,  
Presumes, perhaps, that if He's deeply read,  
If He with Greek and Latin stores his Head,  
Can Truth beneath the rust of Time discern,  
And Gospel Precepts to a Tittle learn,  
Exempt from Duty, He shall sit at Ease,  
And pay his Curates, as his Rev'rence please.  
Let Him exult and render grateful Praise,  
His utmost Labour if kind Fortune pays,  
(Long as some Rustic 'Squire approves his Care)  
With Sunday dinner, and Twelve Pounds a Year.  
He only fattens who, whate'er his Wit,  
To fawn or bribe for Int'rest can submit,  
Can Party Notions for a Patron preach,  
Or in Conventicles new Tenets teach;  
Thrice blest are such; all Happiness is Theirs;  
When Poverty no more awakes their Fears,  
They scorn to please, not fearing to offend,  
And make their Office serve each Private End;

Like

Like Him who late his Neighbour's Credit foil'd,  
 And from Rebuke indignantly recoil'd,  
 In fair Dispute no second Onset stood,  
 But swell'd with Venom, like a bloated Toad,  
 Fled to his Pulpit, for increase of Pow'r,  
 And ev'ry Sunday curs'd him by the Hour.

And shall not Satire, when such Things look down,  
 With faucy Pride, on all without a Gown,  
 (Tho' it no pompous Language can dispense,  
 Nonsense to cloath, and make it pass for Sense,  
 But in the Cause of Virtue nobly warm,  
 Dares honest Truth in strong Expression arm)  
 Shall it not snatch them forth to Public View?  
 Detect their Folly, Pride, and Malice too?  
 With Eagle-Talon seize, as lawful Prey,  
 Who, brib'd, their Friends, their Country would betray?  
 Or who, for Gain, ne'er stagger at the Sin,  
 To forge a Will, and cheat the next a-kin?

E

Who

14 P R E F E R M E N T.

Who fire their Roofs, to lose their little Store,  
That pitying Charity may give them more?  
Or sit down Bankrupts solely with a View,  
From a feign'd Wreck their Fortunes to renew?  
Yes; and sinister Strife shall it disdain,  
Folly shall laugh, and --- shall curse in vain.

Meek was this --- e'er yet Preferment came,  
And blew his Sparks of Pride into a Flame;  
Whilst adverse Fate refus'd to rank Him more  
Than the poor Pastor of a Flock as poor,  
His modest wish inclin'd that Flock to please,  
And duteous Labour wore the smile of Ease;  
Then with Fanatic Dotards could he pray,  
And sniv'ling still appear more Fool than They,  
Could nightly with Old Women club his Tale,  
Of dang'rous Customs in the Church's Pale,  
Could whine out Lectures of Two Hours at least,  
Could weep at Fun'ral, and at Weddings feast.

At



At length Preferment set him high; nor more  
 Religious Duty the same Aspect wore,  
 Fierce Arrogance how soon could we descry,  
 With Ire revengeful, sparkling in his Eye,  
 When One to Candour and to Truth ally'd,  
 Against his bias'd dictates dar'd decide.

Have I not known Thee---- with furious stare,  
 With all the frantic symptoms of Despair,  
 In low, dull, incoherent Rant exclaim,  
 And heap thine Adversary's Head with blame,  
 Whilst He has (heedless of thy Rage) been found  
 Joining the laugh against Thee which went round?

Nor be the Muse arraign'd as too severe,  
 Too prompt to censure whom She well might spare;  
 She loves to praise---let but the Man be shown,  
 Who for his Country's Good neglects his own;  
 Point out the Man who, steady in his Choice,  
 No Hypocritic Falshood in his Voice,

In

In prosp'rous Times Religion's Path has trod,  
 Nor turn'd if Persecution grasp'd the Rod,  
 The Man who, pitying Poverty's distress,  
 Holds forth his hand, the Grievance to redress,  
 Who fosters Merit with Paternal Care,  
 Bids Industry his kind Indulgence share,  
 From Danger shrinks not, are his Rights at stake,  
 And follows Virtue but for Virtue's sake;  
 These with unwonted warmth, in gen'rous strain,  
 The Muse shall praise, nor shall her Praise be vain.

But if a Man knows barely to confine  
 Ten Syllables in one well-cadenc'd Line,  
 Can a fair Stock of well-pair'd Sounds impart,  
 And has a little honesty at heart,  
 (Tho' He ne'er pick'd up scraps of Wit at Rome,  
 Nor wail'd with Wh-----d over Cesar's Tomb,  
 Nor learn'd of Br--n to estimate the Times,  
 Nor studied Satire in his trivial Rhimes)

Shall

Shall He not write (a Coil tho' Wh-----d keep  
 About the Danger till his Readers sleep)  
 Not dare condemn, when Vice is kept in Pay,  
 And Dullness by Preferment met half-way?---

Yet who so splenetic, but laughs to see  
 The Freaks of Folly in Prosperity?  
 One lordly Fool delights in sumptuous Treats,  
 And 'mongst his Parasites his Income eats;  
 Another without Taste or Wit writes Verse,  
 And bribes an Audience, when He would rehearse;  
 One so compleatly, so innately Fool,  
 His Head ne'er harbour'd one poor Grammar Rule,  
 Decides 'mongst Critics --- and with just Pretence,  
 For can a Lord want Judgement, Taste, and Sense?  
 Whilst who scarce knows, so tuneful are his Ears,  
 The worst blind Fidler's Notes from Handel's Airs,  
 On Op'ras doats, is raptur'd at each Note,  
 Each squall disgustful from Tenduci's Throat,

F

And



18 P R E F A C E M E N T.

And each Performer lavish will He pay,  
 Lavish commend --- for Fashion leads the Way,  
 Tho' the whole Tribe, by Affectation kept,  
 Is meer meer Rubbish from Italia swept;  
 Others protect and patronize the Stage,  
 Where MINORS, PATRONS, LYARS, MAYORS engage,  
 Those smart, quaint Things which ev'ry fancy hit,  
 Jonson and Congreve Judgement had and Wit,  
 Jonson and Congreve may a Critic please,  
 But what have They produc'd to vye with These?

Strange that our polish'd Taste should tamely bear,  
 These Mimic-Mock'ries of the Theatre!  
 Which, circumspect to aim their Jest aright,  
 Bite Those who cannot and who will not bite.  
 Strange that this would-be-humour keeps the Field,  
 That Shakespear's Rage divine to This should yield!  
 Yet but a little while, and it shall fail,  
 Wrapt with Arne's Op'ras in Oblivion's Veil,

Or

Or Sense and Judgement from our Isle were fled,  
And F--wkes and W--ty's Poems would be read.

To hiss at Knaves that gain, and Fools that lose,  
With Indignation heated, rose the Muse,  
With These a haughty Levite has She join'd,  
And link'd in Bardlings--- which She scarce design'd,  
O'erbold, indeed, the wrathful Herd to face,  
(Dull Poets ever are a techy Race)  
Resolv'd, howe'er, tho' Gravity exclaim,  
And boast the sanction of a Rev'rend Name;  
Tho' Those characteriz'd by Folly's Leer,  
Whose Faces an eternal simper wear,  
Draw Characters, and vengeful Lampoons write,  
With false Invectives, and conceit they bite;  
Resolv'd whilst Judgement gives her to divide  
Wh-----d and Br---n from Gray and Akenfide,  
Since unambitious, save of Reason's Praise,  
To dance each Puppet-Bardling in her Lays.

Let

Let not Detraction's Tongue the Muse defame,  
And as an idle Wand'rer load with Blame;  
Satire disdains (unus'd to servile Fear)  
Trammell'd by Method, in one Course to steer,  
Nor will its Native Liberty renounce,  
Frown'd to compliance by a haughty Dunce;  
Ty'd by no Plot, and drudging in no Tale,  
Nor hymning Silence in a lonely Vale,  
But free where Choice and Reason lead to rove,  
The Blessings of Variety will prove;  
Will now a Slave inflate with Pride detect,  
Now tease a Fop, a Poem now inspect,  
Now in Corruption's bosom waken Shame,  
Now brand the Coward with a Coward's Name,  
Commend the pious Dame who ne'er is won  
To Sunday Ombre 'till her Prayers are done,  
Who, fond the depths of Knowledge to discern,  
Pores over Rab'lais, Rochester, and Sterne;  
And bless the gen'rous Friends who hourly strive  
Innate Religion to maintain alive,

At



At Revelation aim the deadly stroke,  
Eager to free us from its fancied Yoke.

But what the Fruit? some lukewarm Reader cries,  
Will Knaves be honest? or will Fools be wise?  
Will Sunday Gamesters yield up each Pretence?  
And once will W--ty startle us with Sense?  
Can Satire fondly cherish hopes so vain,  
To cleanse such Ethiops from their sable stain?  
Why grant that such persist (yet surely Shame  
May influence some) grant such remain the same;  
Whilst arm'd from Innocence to ward disgrace,  
And fasten it on those who dare be base,  
From Fame's bright List disdainful to discard,  
Things who profane the sacred Name of Bard,  
Upheld by Truth (whoever it offend)  
Shall Satire live, and rank as Virtue's friend.

12

P R E F A C E

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F I N I S



RA  
12